

in the rain (mileven week) by urdearestmom

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Summary: It's raining heavily outside, so much so that Mike can't even see out the windows. Everybody's converged at the Byers-Hopper place, just like before (except before it had just been the Byers place. Now it's a new house with a bigger family), and everything is going to shit.

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alright loves this is the last installment of mileven week for me! hope you enjoy :)

It's raining heavily outside, so much so that Mike can't even see out the windows. Everybody's converged at the Byers-Hopper place, just like before (except before it had just been the Byers place. Now it's a new house with a bigger family), and everything is going to shit. The Mind Flayer is back and worse than ever, worse even than the summer of '85. Everyone in Hawkins has been in hiding for the last week, and it's been torrentially raining the whole time.

Finally, El decides that her last resort is going to have to happen: she's going to have to go back to the lab. Everyone seems resigned to the fact; they've done everything they could but it's looking like there's no other choice. Her boyfriend, however, is absolutely not having it.

She's doing it again. She's trying to leave him behind. He can't believe it.

When she announces her plan to have Hopper take her there, Mike has to go sit in another room for a few minutes and try not to scream. He can't just let her *go back there*- not to the hellhole she grew up in and that might very well be the last place she stands alive.

"No," he tells himself. "You're not allowed to think like that." A few seconds later he groans and hides his face in his hands. "Who am I kidding..."

Mike doesn't *want* to think like that, of course he doesn't, but if he's being realistic... He stands up angrily and pushes himself back into the front room where everyone is huddled. El eyes him in worry, looking him over. He's pretty sure he looked like he was going to puke when he left the room, so that's probably it.

"I'm coming with you," he states.

Her face pales and it's like all the air gets sucked out of the room. Their friends are silent as if holding their breaths, waiting for the explosive fight they all know is on their hands. Hopper pinches the bridge of his nose and groans.

"Kid, no, it's too dangerous," says Hopper.

Mike's hands ball up into fists. "I don't care! You're not separating me from El again. I'm not a kid anymore, you can't tell me what to do."

"You're sixteen!"

The teen glares, eyebrows coming together in the middle angrily. "I don't care."

Hopper closes his eyes and breathes in through his nose, then mutters a goodbye and walks out the door.

Mike turns to El. "I'm coming." He starts shrugging on the nearest jacket he finds.

El's shaking her head repeatedly. "No, no you're not."

"I am," Mike refutes her, fumbling with the zipper.

"Absolutely not," El answers, her voice quickly becoming cold. "I won't let you put yourself in danger."

"I don't *care*, El! You're not leaving me behind again," he says, voice filled with heated anger. They're like fire and ice in this moment; polar opposites clashing violently.

El looks at him for one more moment before she wrenches open the front door and stalks outside. Mike follows with a, "See you later, guys," thrown over his shoulder.

Hopper's already inside the Blazer, but El stops walking when she hears the door slam behind her.

"I told you *no*!" She screams, whipping around.

"And I told you I don't care!" Mike screams back. They're both

shaking. He's not sure whether it's anger, fear, cold, or a mixture of all three.

El's jaw sets as he walks towards her, her eyes glimmering with tears. "I can't let you come. I won't be able to help you if something happens," she says. She's yelling to be heard over the rain they're standing in.

And it's this that does it- Mike understands her concern, he really does- but it makes him feel even more useless than he already does on a daily basis.

"I don't need your help, I can help myself! I'm not the twelve-year-old who jumped off a cliff anymore, El! For *fuck's sake*, take me seriously!"

"I do take you seriously!" She sobs. "I can't let anything happen to you! You're the most important person in my life, do you understand that?!"

"You're the most important one in mine, do *you* understand?!" He roars.

She punches him. It's unexpected, but then she keeps going. She slams her fists against his chest repeatedly, howling.

"I hate you! I hate you so much! Go away!"

He can't tell if she's crying or not, there's too much water pouring out of the sky, but she probably is. He is, anyway. He pushes her away.

"Punching me isn't going to make me go back inside!" He yells. "I'm coming whether you want me to or not! I won't let you leave me here *again!*"

"I don't *want* to leave you, I *have* to!"

"You don't *have* to anything! I'm my own person, I can make own decisions, goddammit!" His throat is raw already from screaming. "I'm not a baby! *Respect me!*"

El looks at him like he's just slapped her. "I *do!*" She yells furiously.

"You're the one not respecting me! I don't want you there, you're a distraction!"

Mike stands, dumbstruck at her words. He laughs humourlessly. "I'm a distraction?! That's all I am to you?!"

"No!" She shrieks. "I just- *fucking hell*, Mike!"

As she stands there in the rain, hair plastered to her head and clothes soaked through, brokenly staring at him, something in Mike cracks. He reaches out quickly and pulls her face towards his in a swift motion, latching onto her lips almost like a leech.

It's cold, and he's angry and desperate and soaking wet, and all of that pours into their kiss. It's not the best kiss they've ever had as it's under terrible circumstances, but something about it is oddly fitting of their relationship. They met in the rain on a night full of danger just like this one; it's only right that they should share what could potentially be their last kiss in the rain, too.

El steps away from him before jumping back and hugging him tightly, and Mike presses his face into her wet hair. He can feel her trembling against him, and as much as he wishes he could be strong and dependable in this situation, he knows he would never be able to. Not when it comes to her.

"I love you entirely, El Hopper," says Mike, loud to be heard over the tempest around them. "I'll fucking walk if I have to but I am not staying here."

A moment later, El steps back again and starts walking toward the Blazer. "Come on," she calls, "Hopper's waiting!"

Once inside, she grasps Mike's hand and locks their fingers. "We have a job to do."

That's right, you bastard, thinks Mike. *We're coming for you.* The Mind Flayer won't stand a chance.

in case yall didnt notice the references it's also part of my other series where i ripped poor michael's arm off oops this is the argument that

led to him being at the lab in the first place. imma add this to that as well

lemme know what you thought! comments feed me :)